Prin. Your money. *Poin.* Villaines. { *As they are ſharing, the Prince & Poynes ſet vpon them, they all run away, and Falſtaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweare to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poynes. How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhowes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo, I ſay vnto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiõ an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty ſpirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* cõmends the plot, & the generall courſe of the action, Zounds & I were now by this raſcal I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vnckle, & my ſelfe, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, & *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Dowglas*? haue I not all the^ir letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not ſome of thẽ ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcall is this & Infidell? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe,

ſelfe, and go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim Milke with ſo honorable an action. Hang him, let him tel the King, we are prepared. I will ſet forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight been
A baniſht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eies vpon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh bloud in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In my faint ſlumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron Warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldiers ſlaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtird thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat hath ſtood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appeard,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath,
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauy buſines hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe Horſes from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One Horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horſe? a roane, a crop eare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.